

THE Tragoedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by
his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.



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1630.



The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Rod. **V**ish; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this,

Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate,

Iag. Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the Citty
In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stufte with Epithites of warre :
Non-suits my Mediators : for certes, (sayes he)
I haue already chose my Officer, and what was he ?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One *Michael Cassio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,
That neuer set a Squadron in the field,
Nor the diuision of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wherin the tongued Consuls can propose
As masterly as he : meere prattle without practise,
Is all his Soullier-shipp : but he sir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seene the prooffe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Christn'd and Heathen, must be be-leed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster :

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He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I Sir (bless the marke) his Mooreships Ancient.

Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.

Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curse of seruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first :
Now sir be iudge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iag. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashier'd,
Whip mee such honest knaues :
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themſelues,
And throwing but shewes of seruice on their Lords ;
Doe well thrive by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellows haue ſome ſoule;
And ſuch a one doe I profeſſe my ſelfe, --- for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,

the Moore of Venice.

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But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iag. Call vp her father,
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streer, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iag. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,

Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iag. Are your doores lockt?

Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?

Iag. Sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Duell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

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Bra.

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Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brahantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the
Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke
wee are *Ruffians*, youle haue your daughter couered with a *Barbary*
horse; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue *Courfers*
for *Cousens*, and *Gennets* for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the grosse claspes of a lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and sawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not belecue

That

the Moore of Venice.

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That from the feuse of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I say againe) hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where : Straight satisfie your selfe ;
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho :
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people :
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeve of it oppresses me already :
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall,)
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
(How euer this may gaule him with some checke)
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbarck'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
(Which euen now stands in act) that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

*Enter Brabantio in his night gowne, and seruants
with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,

Where

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Where didst thou see her? O vnhappy girle!
 With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
 How didst thou know twas she? (O she deceiues me
 Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
 Raife all my kindred, are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
 Fathers from hence, truit nor your daughters mindes,
 By what you see them & : is there not charmes,
 By which the property of youth and manhood
 May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
 Of some such thing.

Rod. Yes sir, I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
 Some one way, some another; doe you know
 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
 To get good guard, and goe along with mee.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at euery house Ile call,
 I may command at most: get weapons ho,
 And raife some speciall Officers of might:
 On good *Roderigo*, Ile deserue your paynes.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
 Yet doe I hold it very stufte o'th conscience,
 To doe no contriu'd murder; I lacke iniquity
 Sometimes to doe me seruice: nine or ten times,
 I had thought to haue jerk'd him here,
 Vnder the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and prouoking tearmes
 Against your Honor, that with the little godlineffe I haue,
 I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray sir,
 Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
 That the Magnifico is much beloued,
 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,

As

the Moore of Venice.

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As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what restraint, and greuance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,) Weele giue him cable.

Oth. Let him doe his spite,
My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I-fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerits.
May speake vnbonneted as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouse'd free condition,
Put into cicuumscription and confine
For the seas worth, *Enter Cassio With lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*

Iag. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest my right by: is it they?

Iag. By *Ianus* I thinke no.

Oth. The seruants of the Duke, and my Leintenant?
The goodnesse of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?

Cas. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your hast, post-hast appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you?

Cas. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes
Haue sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent about three severall quests

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To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Cas. Auncient, what makes he here?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carriack,
If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Cas. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia. Hee's married,

Cas. To whom.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights
and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha'with you.

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduise,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Ho la, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him thiefe.

Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust'em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Darebd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shoud
The wealthy curld darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight:
Indge me the world, if it is no grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on;

Tis

the Moore of Venice.

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Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
Therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant:
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Orb. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of dirt & Session
Call hee to answer,

Orb. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some prelent businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaves, and Pagans shal our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights
and Attendants.*

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 Sena. Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,

Du. and mine an hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred:

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But though they iumpe not on a iust account,
(As in these cases, where they ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement :
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull sense

Enter a Messenger.

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho ?

Officer. A messenger from the *Galleyes*,

Du. Now, the businesse ?

Sailor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.

Du. How say you by this change ?

Sena. This cannot be by no assay of reason—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in false gaze : when we consider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke* :
And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*;
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is drest in : if we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the *Turke* is so vnskilfull,
To leaue that latest which oncernes him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.

Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Messenger.*

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course, toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleet,

Sena. I, so I thought, how many, as you guesse.

Mes. Of 30. saile, and now they doe refterne
Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance
Their purposes towards *Cyprus* : Seignior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant seruitor,

With

the Moore of Venice.

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With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to belecue him.

Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?

I Sena. Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs to him post, post hast dispatch.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
Desdemona, and Officers.*

I Sena. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we must straite imploy you,
Against the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counsell, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular grieve,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Du. Why, whats the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne sense, yea tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;

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Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, graue and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou'd good Masters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I would a round vrraish'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
B'usht at her selfe: and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maime, and most imperfect,
That will confesse, perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be diu'n
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du.

the Moore of Venice.

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Du. To vouch this is no prooffe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

i Sena. But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maiies affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
The trust, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Exeunt two or three.

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truly as to heauen
I doe confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your graue eares Ile present,
How I did thrive in this faire Ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello*.

Oth. Her father loued me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past:
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moouing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth escapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my trauels historie;
Wherein of Asars vault, and Detarts i'lle,
Rough quarries, rockes and hills, whole heads touch heauen,

It was my hint to speake, such was my proceſſe :
 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;
 The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
 Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders : theſe to heare,
 Would *Deſdemona* ſeriously incline ;
 But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
 Which euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
 Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
 Deuoure up my diſcourſe ; which I obſeruing,
 Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
 To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcells ſhe had ſomething heard,
 But not intentiueſly, I did conſent,
 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſfull ſtroake
 That my youth ſuffered : my ſtory being done ;
 She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes ;
 She ſwore I ſaith twas ſtrange, twas paſſing ſtrange ;
 Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull ;
 She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
 That heauen had made her ſuch a man : ſhe thanked me,
 And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
 I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
 And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake :
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
 And I lou'd her that ſhe did pittie them.
 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :
 Here comes the Lady,
 Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, and the reſt.

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to ; —
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
 Men doe their broken weapons rather uſe,
 Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
 If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,

De.

the Moore of Venice.

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Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake (Iewell,)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other childe,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Des. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greeke or step may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischiefe that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on:
What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,

The Tragedy of Othello

But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :
 But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
 These sentences to luge, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall :
 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
 Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus* :
Othello, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho. we
 haue there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a so-
 ueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you
 must therefore be content to stubber the glosse of your new fortunes,
 with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most graue Senators,
 Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,
 My thrice-driuen bed of downe; I doe agnize
 A naturall and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardnesse, and doe vndertake
 This present warre, against the *Ottomites* :
 Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
 I craue fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accomodation and besort,
 As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please. bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye : most gracious Duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious eare,
 And let me find a charter in your voyce,
 To assist my simplenesse. —

Du. What would you *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did loue the Moore to liue with him,
 My downe right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
 May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,

the Moore of Venice.

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Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord:
I saw *Othello's* village in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.
So that deare Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence: let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Haue a free way:

Vouch with me heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me;—no, when light wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersities,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
Eyther for her stay or going, the affaire cryes hast,
And speed must answere, you must hence to night.

Des. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine ith morning here weel meet againe.

Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,

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With what else needfull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:

Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

I Sena. Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I preethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago.

Exit Moore and Desdemona.

Iag. What saist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we
haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physician.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times se-
uen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an
iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I
would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I
would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I doe? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond,
but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that
if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time;
supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; ei-
ther to haue it sterill with idlenesse, or manur'd with industry, why
the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the
bal.

ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and baseness of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meere a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres, defeat thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse.—These Moores are changeable in their wills,—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as *Coloquintida*: She must change for youth; when shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, she must. Therefore put money in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarism*, & a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iag. Thou art sure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is hearted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be coniuinct in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many euents in the wombe of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerse, goe, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging.

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Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iag. Goto frowell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asles are:
I ha'r, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

*Enter Montanio, Gouvernor of Cyprus, with
the other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVhat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon.

the Moore of Venice.

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Mon. Me thinks the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast nere shooke our battlements :
If it ha ruffiand so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when mountaine melt on them,
Can hold the morties, — What shall we heare of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet :
For doe but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seemes to pelt the cloudes, .
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th' euer fired pole,
I neuer did like molestation view,
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inselter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. Newes Lads, your warres are done :
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their desigment halts :
A Noble shippe of *Venice*,
Hath scene a grienous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true ?

3 Gen. The shippe is here put in :
A Veronessa, *Michael Cassio*,
Leutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come a shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouverneur.

3 Gen. But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heauen he be :
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier :
Lets to the sea side, ho,

As

The Tragedy of Othello

As well to see the vessell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.

2 *Gent.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

A shot.

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Leutenant, is your Generall win'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath archi'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
And in the essentiall v'ture of creation,
Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensleep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

the Moore of Venice.

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As hauing sense of beauty, doo it
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede—great *Ioue Or hello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. O but I feare:—how lost you company?

[within] *A saile, a saile.*

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellow ship: but harke, a saile.

2 Gent. They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *I go*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,

D

You'd

You'd haue enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iag. In faith too much:

I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,
 Mary before your Ladiship I grant,
 She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
 And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
 Bells in your Parlors: Will cats in your Kitchens:
 Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
 Plauers in your housewifery; and housewines in your beds.

Des. O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
 You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me,
 If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
 For I am nothing, if not criticall.

Des. Come on, allay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
 Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but in deed my inuention
 Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
 It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors.
 And thus she is deuoured:

*If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;
 The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd: how is she be black and witty?

Iag. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
 Shee'l finde a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Des. Worle and worle.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire.

For even her folly helpt her to an Heire.

Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh ith Alchouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish therunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.*

Des. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what
praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that
in the authority of her merits, did iustly put on the vouch of very
malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She: hat being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She that in wisdom, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshedd for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a wight, (if euer such wight were,)*

Des. To doe what?

Iag. *To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emilia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam you may relish him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper; with as
little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as *Cassio*. I smile
vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true,
tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leuten-
nantry, it had been better you had not rift your three fingers so oft,
which now againe, you are most apt to play the fir in; very good,
well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fin-
gers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.—
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpet within.

*The Tragedy of Othello**Enter Othello, and Attendants.**Cas.* Tis truly so.*Des.* Lets meet him, and receiue him.*Cas.* Loe, where he comes.*Oth.* O my faire Warriour.*Des.* My deare *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder, great as my content,
 To see you here before me : O my soules ioy,
 If after euery tempest, come such calmenesse,
 May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death;
 And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
 As hell's from heauen; If it were now to dye,
 T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
 My soule hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort, like to this
 Succeeds in vnknown Fate.

Des. The heauens forbid,
 But that our loues and comforts should increase,
 Euen as our dayes doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers:
 I cannot speake enough of this content,
 It stops me here, it is too much of ioy:
 And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *kisse.*
 That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
 But Ile set downe the pegs, that makes this musique,
 As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:
 Newes friends, our wars are done, the *Turks* are drown'd:
 How dos my old acquaintance of this Isle?
 Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;
 I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweet:
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
 In mine owne comforts: I prethee good *Iago*,
 Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;
 Bring thou the Master to the Citadell:
 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

Does

Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exeunt.

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither, If thou beest valiant, (as they say base men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them,)—lift me, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will she loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to looke on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and giue society a fresh appetite. Louelines in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tendernesse will find it selte abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affections: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit aduantages, tho true aduantage neuer present it selfe. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes looke after; a pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot belecue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine she drinkes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to the

the history, of lust and foule thoughts: they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes enbrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when these mutualities so marshall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the master and the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't vpon you, *Cassio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please; which the time shall more fauorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cause these of *Cyprius* to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again't, but by the displanting of *Cassio*: So shall you haue a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I must fetch his necessaries a shore.— Farewell.

Rod. Adue.

Exit.

Iag. That *Cassio* loues her, I doe well belecue it;
That she loues him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbeit, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, hee's proue to *Desdemona*,
A most deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (tho peradventure,
I stand accountable for as great a sin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore,
Hath lea'd me to my feat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am euen'd with him wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a iealousie to sting,

That

the Moore of Venice.

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That iudgement can not cure ; which thing to doe,
If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Cassio*, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously, an Ass,
And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
Euent & madnesse : — tis heere, but yet confus'd ;
Knaueries plaine face is neuer scene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello's Herauld, reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arrived, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkish* Fleete ; that euery man put himselfe into triumph ; some to dance, some make bonefires ; each man to what sport and Reuels his adlietion leades him ; for besides these beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuprialls : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present houre of five, till the bell hath told el uen. Heauen bleesse the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the guard to night,
Let's teach our selues that honourable stoppe,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to doe :
But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter

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Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Lieutenant, tis not yet ten a clock: our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?

Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiring eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes——come Lieutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog:—Noy nw sicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward.)
To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to wrrch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,

(That

(That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,) *Have* I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the Isle; *Enter Montanio, Cassio,*
But here they come: *and others.*

If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate sailes freely, both with wind and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:

A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke. — Some wine boyes.

Cas. Fore heauen an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in
potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your swag-bellied *Hollan-*
der, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so exquisite in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinckes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke:
he sweates not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander*
a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweet *England*, —

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,

His breeches cost him but a crowne,

He held 'em sixpence all to deere,

With that he cald the Taylor lowne,

He was a wight of high renowne,

And thou art but of low degree,

Tis pride that puls the Countrey downe,

Then take thine auld cloke about thee. — Some wine ho.

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

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Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee soules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good Leutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saued.

Iag. And so doe I Leutenant.

Cas. I but by your leaue, not before me; the Leutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our sins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Exit.

Mon. To the plotforme masters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a souldier fit to stand by *Casus*,
And giue direction: and doe but see his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pittie of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:
Hee watch the horolodge a double set;
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
praises the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*,
I pray you after the Leutenant, goe.

Enter Roderigo.

Exit Rod.

Mon. And tis great pittie that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

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It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire Island :

I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill : but harke, what noyse.

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascal.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant ?

Cas. A knaue, teach me my duty : but Ile beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me ?

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue ?

Mon. Good Lieutenant ; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or Ile knock you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke ? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I say, goe out, and cry a muteny.
Nay good Lieutenant : God's-will Gentlemen,
Helpe he, Lieutenant : Sir, *Montanio*, sir,
Helpe masters, heer's a goodly watch indeed :
Who's that that rings the bell ? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will rise, fie, fie, Lieutenant, hold,
You will be sham'd for euer.

Exit Rod.

A bell rings.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What's the matter heere ?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Lieutenant, sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty :
Hold, the Generall speakes to you ; hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this ?
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to our selues doe that,
Which Heauen has fo. bid the *Ottomites* :
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle ;
He that stirres next, to caue for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion :

Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
 From her propriety : what's the matter masters ?
 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieving,
 Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
 Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
 (As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)
 Swords out and tilting one at others breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 Any beginning to this peeuish odds ;
 And would in action glorious, I had lost
 Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
 The gravity and stilnesse of your youth,
 The world hath noted, and your name is great,
 In mouthes of wisest censure : what's the matter,
 That you vnlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night brawler ? giue me answer to't ?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
 Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
 By me, that's saide or done amisse this night ;
 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
 And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
 When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
 Assayes to leade the way : If once I stirre,
 Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
 Shall sinke in my rebuke : giue me to know
 How this foule rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affi'd, or league in office
Thou doest deliuer more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha' this tongue out of my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before: when I came backe,
For this was brieft, I found them c'ose together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best:
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleene receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,

Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Looke if my gent'le loue be not rais'd vp:

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:

Come away to bed: fir, for your hurts,

My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.

Come *Desdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Iag. What, are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

Cas. I, past all surgery.

Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part fir of my selfe,
And what remaines is bestiall, my reputation,

Iago, my reputation.

Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policie, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse fustian with ones owne shaddow O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iag. What was he that you followed with your sword:
What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iag.

Iag. Ist possible ?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines ; that wee should with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beastes.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkennesse, to giue place to the deuill wrath ; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuerer a morraller ; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befallne ; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all ; to be now a sensible man, by an I by a foole, and presently a beast : euery inordinate cuppe is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd ; exclaime no more against it ; and good Leutenant, I think you thinke I loue you.

Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir, — I drunke ?

Iag. You or any man liuing may be drunke at some time man : He tell you what you shall doe, — our Generalls wife is now the Generall ; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe : she is so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to doe more then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then t'was before.

Cas. You aduise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me ; I am desperate

of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right :

Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago*.

Exit.

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements : and then for her
To win the Moore, wer t to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course,
Dire&ly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I doe now ; for whilst this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore ;
He poure this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodies lust ;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vnde her credit with the Moore ;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net
That shall enmesh them all: *Enter Roderigo.*
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but
one that filles vp the cry : my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night
exceedingly well cudgell'd : I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so
much experience for my paines, and so no mony at all, and with a
little more wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
 Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Dos't not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheir'd *Cassio*,
 Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
 Yet fruites that bloesome first, will first be ripe;
 Content thy selfe a while; by'th masse tis morning;
 Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
 Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
 Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
 My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
 Ile set her on.
 My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
 Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
 Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. **M**asters, play here, I will content your paines,
 Something thats brieft, and bid good morrow Generall.

They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at *Naples*, that they
 speake i'th nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these i pray, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But
 masters, heer's money for you, and the Generall so likes your mu-
 sique, that hee desires you for lones sake, to make no more noyse
 with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't a-gaine, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away ; goe, vanish into aire away.

Cas. Dost thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Prethee keepe vp thy quilllets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her ther's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notify vnto her.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend : In happy time *Iago*.

Exit Clo.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted : I ha made bold *Iago* to send in to your wife,—my suite to her, Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*, Procure me some access.

Iag. Ile send her to you presently,
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and busin^{ess} fit,
May be more free.

Exit.

Cas. I humbly thanke you for't : I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse : but he protests he loues you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Cas.

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the Moore of Venice.

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Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some brieft discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your bosome freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters giue *Iago* to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O that's an honest fellow:—doe not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cas. I but Lady,
That pollicy may either last so long,
Or feed vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,

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My Generall will forget my loue and seruice.

Des. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, Ile performe it,
To the last Article: my Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Cassio's* suite; therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy soliciter shall rather die,
Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, ile take my leave.

Des. Nay stay, and heare me speake.

Cas. Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purpose.

Des. Well, doe your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if, — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iag. *Cassio* my Lord? — no sure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

Oth. I doe beleue twas he.

Des. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a suiter here,
A man that languish's in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Leutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

the Moore of Venice.

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Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Yes faith, so humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To suffer with him; good Loue call him backe.

Ot. Not now sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shal't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner sweet for you.

Des. Shal't be to night at supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home,
I meet the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, or tuesday morne,
On tuesday morne, or night, or wednesday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: I faith hee's penitent.

And yet his trespasse, in our common reason,
(Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,
Out of her best) is not almost a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my soule,

What you could aske me, that I should deny?

Or stand so mam'ring on? What *Michael Cassio*?

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe

To bring him in? Trust me, I could doe much, —

Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a boone;
Tis as I should intreat you weare your gloues:

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warme,

Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,

Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Des. *Emilia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt Des. and Em.*

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?

Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?

Oth. He did from first to last:—Why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?

Iag. I did not thinke he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iag. Honest my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I honest.

Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What doest thou thinke?

Iag. Thinke my Lord?

Oth. Thinke my Lord? why dost thou ecchoe me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be showne: Thou dost meane something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest indeed?
And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doest loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth.

Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
And weighest thy words, before thou giu'st 'em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false dislo, all knaue,
Are tickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
They are close dilitions, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet ther's more in this,
I pte thee speake to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doest ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanly apprehensions,
Keepe lectures and law-dayes, and in felson sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his care
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,
(As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not :) that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,

Out of my scattering, and vnſure obſeruanee;
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou meane?

Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
 Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
 Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales trash, tis ſomething, nothing,
 Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
 Nor ſhall not, whiſt tis in my caſtody.

Oth. Ha?

Iag. O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie;
 It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
 The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſ,
 Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
 But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
 Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.

Oth. O miſery.

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
 But riches fineſt, is as poore as winter,
 To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
 Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
 From iealouſie.

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
 To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
 With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
 When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
 To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmises,
 Matching thy inference; tis not to make me iealous,
 To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
 Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;

Where

Where vertue is, these are more vertuous :
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eies, and chosen me : no *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this ;
Away at once with loue or icalousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,
To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker spirit : therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me : I speake not yet of prooffe,
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassia* ;
Weare your eie thus, not icalous, nor secure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't :
I know our Countrey disposition well,
In *Venice* they doe let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands : their best conscience
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you :
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,
To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft : but I am much too blame ;
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Trust me, I feare it has.
I hope you will consider, what is spoke,
Comes from my loue : but I doe see you are mou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

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Then to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my worthy friends
My Lord, I see you are mou'd,

Oth. No, not much mou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne cline, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will most ranke,
Foule disproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Cassio* haue his place,
(For sure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady straine her entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be scene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am:)

And

And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her lasses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That Chambers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to loath her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
Ile not belecue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. How now my deare *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous lander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.

Des. Why that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

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Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin,
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Woode me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserves it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; He ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter Iago.*
I nothing, but to please his fantasie;

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—

Em. Ha?

Iag. To haue a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkerchiefe?

Iag. What handkerchiefe?

Em. What handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here,ooke it vp:
Looke, here it is.

Iag. A good wench giue it me.

Em. What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. It be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady; shee'll run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vse for it:—go leane me;
I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe something:
The Moore already changes with my poison,

Exit Em.

Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act vpon the blood,
Burne like the mines of sulphure: I did say so:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drousie siroppes of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Enter Othello.

Orb. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.

Or. Auant, be gon, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iag. How now, my Lord?

Orb. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to heare this.

Orb. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquite mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre:
And, O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortal *Jones* great clamors counterfeite;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iag. Ist possible my Lord?

Orb. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,

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Thou hadst bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then answer me my wak'd wrath.

Iag. Ist come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse :
On horrors head, horrors accumulate :
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that.

Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence ?
God buy you, take my office, -- O wretched feote,
That liest to make thine honesty a vice ;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile loue no friend, since loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest

Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue some prooffe : her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrimd, and blacke
As mine owne face : If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it : would I were satisfied.

Iag. I see sir, you are eate vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you ;
You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the supervision grossely gape on,
Behold her topt ?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them bouldster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and fooles as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Ot. Giue me a liuing reason, that she's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But lish I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe.
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say. Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out; sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, curst fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt tho it be but a dreame,

Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,

She

She may be honest yet : tell me but this,
 Haue you not sometimes seene a handkerchiefe,
 Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkerchiefe
 I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
 See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. It be that.

Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
 It speakes against her, with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the flauie had forty thousand lines,
 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :
 Now I doe see tis true, looke here *Iago*,
 All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, — tis gone.
 Arise blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
 Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
 To tyrannous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
 For tis of Aspicks tongues. *he kneeles.*

Iag. Pray be content.

Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.

Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*;

Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsiue course,
 Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
 To the *Propontick* and the *Hellepont* :
 Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'r looke backe, ne'r ebbe to humble loue,
 Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
 Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
 In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
 I here ingage my words.

Iag. Doe not rise yet :

Iago kneels.

Witnesse the euer-burning lights aboue,
 You Elements that clip vs round about ;
 Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
 The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
 To wrong'd *Othello's* service : let him command,

And

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the Moore of Venice.

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And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody worke so euer.

Orb. I greet thy loue ;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

Iag. My friend is dead :
Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

Orb. Dam her lewd minks : O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire deuill : now art thou my Leintenant.

Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Doe you know sirra, where the Leintenant *Cassio* lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to say a Soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to, where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging,
and say he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions,
And by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this, is within the compasse of mans witte and there-
fore Ile attempt the doing of it.

Exit.

Des. Where should I loose that handkerchiefe *Emilia*?

Em. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes : and but my noble Moore
Is true of min^e, and made of no such basenesse,
As ialous creatures are, it were enough

H

To

To put him totill thinking.

Em. Is he not iealous?

Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Enter Othello.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Des. I will not leane him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him : how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady : O hardnesse to dissemble :
How doe you *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyit, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty : fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout ;
For here's a young and sweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels : tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts,

Des. I cannot speake of this ; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chucked?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Des. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Des. No indeed my Lord.

Oth. Thats a fault : that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people ; she told her while she kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her loue : But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it ; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hune
After new fancies : She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her ; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. I't possible ?

Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke :
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the filke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed, i't true ?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had neuer scene it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore ?

Des. Why doe you speake so startlingly and rash ?

Oth. I't lost ? i't gone ? speake, is it out o'the way ?

Des. Blesse vs.

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were ?

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgines.

De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Des. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

H 3

Oth.

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Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Des. In sooth you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit.*

Em. Is not this man ialous?

Des. I nere saw this before:

Sure ther's some wonder in this handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Des. How now good *Cassio*, whats the newes with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That not my seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd meritt in futurity,
Can ransome me into his leue againe,
Put to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I c'oath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Des. Alas th'ice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altered:
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.

Iag.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme,
Pust his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him.
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the object,
Tis euen so; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I find, I had subbornd the witnesse,
And hee's indited fa'sly.

Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe that monster from *Osbello's* mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

*Exeunt Desd.
and Emilia.*

Caf. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*.

Caf. What make you from home?

How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?

Indeed sweet loue I was comming to your house.

Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Cassio*;
What keepe a weeke away? seven daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
Oh weary reckoning.

Caf. Pardon me *Bianca*,

I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin prest,

But I shall in a more continueate time,

Strike off this score of absence: sweet *Bianca*,

Take me this worke out.

Bia. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend

To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,

It come to this? well, well.

Caf. Go to woman,

Throw your vile ghesse in the deuills teeth,

From whence you haue them, you are ialous now,

That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance,

No in good troth *Bianca*.

Bia. Why, whose is it?

Caf. I know not sweet, I found it in my chamber,

I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,

Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

Bia. Leane you, wherefore?

Caf. I doe attend here on the Generall,

And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bia. Why I pray you?

Caf. Not that I loue you not.

Bia. But that you doe not loue me:

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf.

Caf. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile see you soone.

Bia. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. **VV**ill you thinke so?
Oth. Thinke so *Iago.*

Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hipocrisie against the deuill:

They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.

Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectresse of her honour too,
May she giue that?

Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.

Iag. I, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Coniured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnswear.

Oth. What hath he sayd?

Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest herselfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: Is't possible? confesse? handkerchiefs? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*

Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaste Dames, euen thus (all guiltlesse.) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*,—how now *Cassio*? *Enter Cassio.*

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. No, forbear,
The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke, he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Do't thou mocke me? *Exit Cas.*

Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.

Oth. Did he confesse?

Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better :
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste : No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.

Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list :
Whilst you were here orewhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most vnfitting such a man,)
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse vpon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd : But incaue your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife :
I say, but marke his iecture, many patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But dost thou heare, most bloody.

Iag That's not amisse :
But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw ?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes ; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio* ; as tis the strumpets plague

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one : *Enter Cas.*

He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of laughter : here he comes :

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall goe mad,
And his vnbookish ieaiousie must consister
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on ;
Goe to, well saide.

Iag. She giues it out that you shall marry her,
Doe you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

Cas. I marry her ? what ? a Customer ;
I prethee beare some charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome : ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, they laugh that wins.

Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

Oth. Ha you scoar'd me ? well.

Cas. This is the monkies own giuing out ; she is perswaded I will
marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he bigins the story.

Cas. She was heere euen now, she haunts me in eery place, I was
tother day talking on the sea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thi-
ther comes this bauble, fals me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Cassio*, as it were : his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me ; so hailes, and do
me, h, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber ;
I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well, I must leaue her company : *Enter Bianca.*
Before me, looke where she comes,

'Tis such another Fitchew ; marry a perfum'd one : What doe you
meane by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you : what did you meane
by that same handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now ? I was a fine
foole to take it ; I must take out the worke, a likely peece of worke,
that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it
there : this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke ;
there giue it the hobby horse ; where soeuer you had it, Ile take out no
worke on't.

Cas. How now my sweet *Bianca*, how now, how now ?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkerchiefe.

Bia. An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not,
come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. I must shew I raile i'the street else.

Iag. You sup there.

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake
with you.

Cas. Prethe come, will you ?

Iag. Goe to say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

Oth. O *Iago*.

Iag. And did you see the handkerchiefe ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

I would haue him nine yeres a killing ; a fine woman, a faire woman,
a sweet woman.

Iag. ay, you must forget that

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for shee
shall not liue : no, my heatt is turn'd to a stone ; I strike it, and it hurts

my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him tasks.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is: So delicate with her needie, an admirable musician; O she will sing the sauagenesse out of a Beare; of so hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, oh the pittie.

Iag. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes, —cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night Ile not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases, very good.

Ia And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that fame?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* sure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good counsell *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: —
welcome to *Cyprius*.

Lod.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Lives sir,

Des. Cousen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :
Is there Diuision twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the ioue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him ;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Deuill.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleen'd in *Venice*.
Tho I should sweare I saw't : tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile :
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady :
I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Mistresse.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?

Lod. Who, I my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne;
 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on;
 And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
 Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
 Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
 I am commanded home: — get you away,
 He send for you anon: — Sir, I obey the mandat,
 And will returne to Venice: — hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
 I doe intreat that we may sup together,
 You are welcome sir to Cyprus, — goates and monkies.

Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
 Call all in all sufficient; This the noble nature,
 Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor peirce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
 What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
 I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroake would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his vse?
 Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
 And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas:
 It is not honesty in me to speake
 What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
 And his owne courser will denote him so,
 That i may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
 And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceip'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello and Emillia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.

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Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.

Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each sillable that breath made vp betweene'em.

Oth. What, did thy neuer whisper?

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Em. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing

Em. Neuer, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Em. I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauen require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wiues,
Is foule as slander.

Exit Emillia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtile whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet shee'l kneele and pray, I ha teene her do'r

Enter Desdemona and Emillia,

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray chucked come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy, s this?

Oth. Some of your function Mistrisse,
Leane precreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay di'patch.

Des. Vpon my knees, What does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des.

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Lest being like one of heauen, the deuills themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the beaury day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe susp:ct,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue lost him,
Why I haue lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuitie, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmoouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cistern, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I as summers flours are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sence akes at thee,

Would

Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant sinne have I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore vpon?—What committed?

Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;

I should make very forges of my checkes,

That would to cinders burne vp modestie,

Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?

Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks;

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,

Is hush't within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent strumpet,

Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,

From any other foule vnlawfull touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saued.

Oth. Ist possible?

Des. O heauen forgiue vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,

Enter Emillia.

That married with *Othello*: You mistriss,

That haue the office opposite to *S. Peter*,

And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;

We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit.*

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:

How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:

Des. Faith halfe a sleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water : prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse.

Enter Iago

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? *and Emillia.*
How i't with you?

Des. I can not tell : those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes ;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.

Em. He call'd her whore ; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.

Iag. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some basie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, coufening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuide this slander, Ile be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie, there is no such man it is impossible.

Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bowes :
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous knave;
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;
O heaven, that such companions thoudst unfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall, naked through the world,
Even from the east to'th west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneele:

If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his loue,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence,
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he doe shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him decerely:
Comfort forswear me; vnkindnesse may doe much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my loue, I can not say where,
It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,
Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If t'were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you:
Hark how these Instruments summon you to supper.

The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay ;

Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well.

Exit women.

How now *Roderigo* ?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dostt me, with some deuise *Iago* ; and rather, as it seemes to me now, kee'pst from me all conueniency, then suppliest me with the least aduantage of hope : I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo* ?

Rod. Sir, I haue heard too much,
For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. With nought but trueth : I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes ; the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist : you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd me expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I can not go to (man,) nor t'is not very well ; I say t'is very scuruy, and begin to find my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well : I will make my selfe known to *Desdemona* ; if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, Ile seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue saide now.

Rod. I, and saide nothing ; but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this instant, doe build on thee a better opinion then euer before ; giue me thy hande *Roderigo* : Thou hast taken against mee a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspicion is not with-

Without witte and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to belecue now, then euer, I meane, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commission come from *Venice*, To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate, As the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place, Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I goe to him; —he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt.

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia,
and Attendants.*

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Orb. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: — O *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith dispatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent :
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe must not now displease him.

Em. VWould you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornnesse, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied those sheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Des. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it, that song to night
VWill not goe from my mind:

I haue much to doe;

But to goe hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Des. No, vnpin me heere.

This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very hand some man.

Des. He speakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to
Palestine, for a touch of his neither lip.

Des.

Desdemona sings.

The poore soule sate sighing by a sicamour tree,
sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
sing willow willow, willow;
The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
sing willow, willow, willow,
Her salt teares fell from her, which softened the stones,
sing willow &c. (Lay by these.)
willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee, he'll come anon.)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorne I approue :

(Nay, that's not next : harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. T'is the winde.

Des. I call'd my loue false, but what sayd he : hen ?

sing willow, willow willow,

If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.

So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,

Does that boade weeping ?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I haue heard it saide so : O these men, these men :

Dost thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emillia*,)

That there be women doe abuse theit husbands

In such grosse kinds ?

Em. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,

I might as well doe it in the darke.

Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.

Des. In troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

Em. In troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it,
mary

mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
It wines doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And poure our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in peeuish ielousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue sence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is so too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vse vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iag. **H**ere stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

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Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow ;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed ;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons ;
Tis but a man gon : forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game ; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona* :
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly : and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him ; there stand I in much perrill :
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou die'st.

Cas. That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st ;
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. O, I am slaine.

Cas. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepses his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen so.

Cas. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honest and iust,
That hast such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me ; — minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnblest fate hies ; strumpet I come ;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotred,
Thy bed lust-staind, shall with lusts blood be spotted.

Exit.

L

Enter

*The Tragedy of Othello**Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.**Cas.* What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.*Gra.* Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.*Cas.* O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.*Rod.* O wretched villaine.*Lod.* Two or three grones, it is a heauy night;
These may be counterfeits, let's think't vnlate
To come into the cry without more helpe.*Rod.* No body come, then shall I bleed to death.*Enter Iago with a light.**Lod.* Harke.*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt with lights and weapons.*Iag.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?*Lod.* I doe not know.*Iag.* Did not you heare a cry?*Cas.* Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me.*Iag.* Whats the matter?*Gra.* This is *Othello's* Antient, as I take it.*Lod.* The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.*Iag.* What are you here that cry so grieuoufly?*Cas.* *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me some helpe.*Iag.* O me, Leintenant, what villaines haue don this?*Cas.* I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.*Iag.* O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.*Rod.* O, helpe me here.*Cas.* That's one of em.*Iag.* O murderous slaue, O villaine. *Thrusts him in.**Rod.* O dan-bd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, — o, o, o.*Iag.* Kill men i'the darke? where be those bloody theeuers?
How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be? are you of good or euill?*Lod.* As you shall prooue vs, praise vs.*Iag.* Seignior *Lodouico*.*Lod.* He sir.*Iag.* I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villaines.

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Gra. *Cassio.*

Iag. How is it brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who i't that cried?

Iag. Who i't that cried?

Bia. O my deare *Cassio*, O my sweet *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. O notable strumpet: *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be that thus haue mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I haue bin to seeke you.

Iag. Lend me a garter, so; — oh for a chaire to beare him easily
hence.

Bia. Alas he faints; O *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this Trash
To beare a part in this iniurie: patience a while good *Cassio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:

Know wee this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:

Roderigo? no, yes sure; yes, tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Ia. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How dee you *Cassio*? O, a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire;
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Sane you your labour, he that lies slaine here, (*Cassio*,)
Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?

Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'the aire.

The Tragedy of Othello

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?

Doe you perceiue the ieaſures of her eye?

Nay, an you ſtill re, we ſhall haue more anon:

Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,

Doe you ſee Gentlemen? nay guiltineſſe

Will ſpeake, though tongues were out of uſe. *Enter Emi.*

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Caffio* has here bin ſet on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are ſcap't,
Hee's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Caffio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithe *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Caffio* where he ſupt to night:
What, doe you ſhake at that?

Bia. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iag. O did he ſo, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee ſtrumpet.

Bia. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you, that thus abuſe me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe ſee poore *Caffio* dreſt;
Come miſtreſſe, you muſt tell's another tale.

Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:

Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtarres:
It is the cauſe, yet Ile not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter ſkin of hers then ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumentall alabaſter;
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou

Thou cunningst patternes of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne in : when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither ; Ile smell it on the tree ; *kisses her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword : one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after : one more, and this the last :
So sweet was ne're so fatall : I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares : this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it does loue : she wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. I, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?

Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona?*

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicite for it strait.

Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?

Oth. Well, doe it, and be brieft, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I doe.

Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I feare you for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feeble I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des. They are loues I beare to you.

Oth. And for that thou diest.

Des. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing ;
Alas, why know you so your neather lip :

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents : but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so, what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchiefe which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gauest to *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.

Oth. Sweet soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong conception
That I doe groane withall : thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord haue mercy on me.

Oth. I say amen.

Des. And haue you mercy too :
I neuer did offend you in my life, — neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrant of heauen,
As I might loue ; I neuer gaue him token.

Oth. By heauen I saw my handkerchiefe in his hand :
O periur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,
And makst me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice ;
I saw the handkerchiefe.

Des. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confest.

Des. What, my Lord ?

Oth. That he hath — vnde thee.

Des. How, vnlawfully ?

Oth. I.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,

Honest *Jago* hath tane order for't.

Des. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?

Oth. had all his haire bin liues,

My great reuenge had stomacke for em all,

Des. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone,

Oth. O strumpet,—wepest thou for him to my face?

Des. O bannish me my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Downe strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

Oth. Nay, an you striue.

Des. But halfe an houre.

Oth. Being don, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer. *he stifles her.*

Oth. Tis to late. *Emillia calles within.*

Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,

I would not haue thee linger in thy paine; —so, so.

Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

Oth. Who's there?

Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.

Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: shee's dead:

Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio's* death;

The noyse was heere; ha, no more mouing,

Still as the graue: shall she come in? we're good?

I thinke she stirres againe; no what's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speake to my wife.

My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife.

O insupportable; O heauy houre.

Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclips

Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

Should yawne at alteration.

Em. I do beseech you I may speake with you,—O good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*:

Soft, by and by: let me the curtaines draw. *Enter Emillia.*

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Em.

Em. But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?

Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murdered.

Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.

Des. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*

Oth. Why how should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Em. Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damnd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband:

Oth.

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the Moore of Venice.

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Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke?

Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect *Crisolite*,
I'de not haue sold her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deedes.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:
My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost vnderstand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?

Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Em. Disprooue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;

I know thou dost not, thou art not such a villaine :
Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie :
She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heauens forefend.

Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.

Orb. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Min. O monstrous act !

Em. Villany, villany, villany ;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany ;
I thought so then ; Ile kill my selfe for grieffe,
O villany, villany.

Iag. What are you mad ? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leane to speake ;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now :
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.

Orb. Oh, oh, oh.

Oth. falls on the bed.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.

Orb. O she was soule :

I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt ;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.

Gr. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure grieffe
Shore his old thread in twaine : did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gaue my Mother.

Em. O heauen, O heauenly powers.

Iag. Come, hold your peace.

Em. T will out, t will out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou speakst of,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

Iag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runs at Iago. Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernicious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit Iago.*

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recovered from the Moore:

Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword;
But why should honour our line honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady?
Harke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musicke; *willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, she was chaste, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *she dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spaine*, the Isebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I must come forth. *Gra. within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop: but O vaine boast,
Who can controule this fate? tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-mark of my vtmost saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast;
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?
How dost thou looke now? O ill star'd wench,
Pale as thy smocke; when we shall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girl,

Euen like thy chastity : O cursed flane :
Whip me you deuills,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Desdemona*, *Desdemona*; dead, O, o, o.

*Enter Lodonico, Montano, and officers,
Cassio in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Osbello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth,

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a deuill I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iag. I bleed fir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sense tis happinesse to dye.

Lod. O thou *Osbello*, that wert once so good,
Falne in the practise of a damned flane,
What should be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy &
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. I.

Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.

Oth. I doe beleene it, and I aske you pardon;
Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,

The Tragedy of Othello

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vnderooke by *Roderigo*.

Oth. O villaine.

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catieffe:
How came you *Cassio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in *Roderigos* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,

the Moore of Venice.

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Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well :
Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,,
Perplex in the extreame : of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe : of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum : Set you downe this ;
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *He dies.*

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke ; the obie& poisons fight,
Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeed to you : To you Lord *Gouernour*,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture ; O enforce it,
My selfe will strait aboard, and so the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt euntes.

FINIS.

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